

By the Author of "GHIMMIE FADDEN,"  
And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."

notable social bias lately observed among the Flatters. The beauties of the days when Madison was President danced and flirted in those same houses, and it is no wonder that Tim's Flatters are much given to social festivities.

These remarks are but preliminary to a statement concerning a discovery of a highly interesting character made recently by Tim. In one of the houses there is an unusually high garret, which Tim was recently investigating to see if it could not be used for lodging rooms. He had never known how the place could be lighted or aired until, at this time, he discovered some inside blinds which, once opened, flooded the old place with light. Tim was amazed, and at first a little frightened. He saw uncouth wooden figures with

He hastened to invite Mrs. Murphy to inspect his find, and she promptly announced her belief that Tim had disclosed a joss house. She invited the gossips to see, and then the truth was told by Mrs. Riccadonna. In her youth she had been an artist's model—there is a hint of her youthful beauty in her girls (four)—and she recognized the place at once as an artist's studio.

Of course so interesting a discovery could not be long kept from the children, and soon they were in full possession.

The Riccadonna girls took to the place as ducks take to water, and it was their suggestion that the finding of this unexpected treasure be celebrated by a studio party. They had all done a little something in the way of posing for artists, and knew the game. They said that when artists gave parties they always invited a chaperon.

"And what's a chaperoon?" asked Mrs. Murphy. The oldest Riccadonna girl explained that a chaperon was an experienced woman who accompanied inexperienced women to teach them how to flirt and to arrange opportunities for so doing. "Sure, then, there's none needed at our party," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy.

But all the young ladies insisted that a chaperon was needed, and that Mrs. Murphy should fill that delicate office.

The Kid was installed as Artist. No one select-

ed or elected or suggested him; he just took the place. He announced that for the occasion he should be known as "Little Billee," and Della as "Trilby," and the latter was dressed for the part.

Mrs. Dunnigan prepared tea for the party. Mrs. Murphy insisted upon that, saying: "I do so love a good cup of tea. I'd not have the strength to be a chaparoon without me tea, Mrs. Dunnigan."

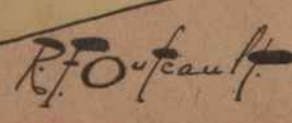
It was supposed that the good lady was drinking tea out of her can until the cat knocked a plaster figure over on her head, and she, supposing the falling object to be, of course, Slippery Dempsey, dropped her can, and, its contents scattered, the odor of beer pervaded the apartment to an amazing degree.

The accident did not mar the occasion, however, as there was more tea—in fact, a keg of it from Kelley's—and the party went on with no regrettable incident, excepting the goat's display of artistic appetite, which Outcault has graphically explained.

The triumph of the day was achieved by Mary Ellen, but then she had the inside track, her mother being the chaperon. With that advantage she was afforded chances for tender meetings with McSwatt and Marty until she nearly drove the four Riccadonna girls insane with jealousy.

"But," explained Mrs. Murphy to Tim afterward, "it's a pity the dear child couldn't flirt all she wanted with her own mother a chaperoon to help her out."

E. W. TOWNSEND.



THE STUDIO PARTY IN McFADDEN'S FLATS.